1: Burrows--2 (1947-48) Woleaians
116, 115 Ifalik

"Most helpful of all was Totogoeiti, who will be called hereafter by his English name, Tom. This he acquired in the days of his youth, when he worked on foreign ships from Honolulu to Singapore. During that period he spent six years in Manila, where he acquired a command of English which, once some of its peculiarities were mastered, was surprisingly adequate. He was at our beck and call the whole time. If he sometimes became impatient at our stupidity or persistence, he controlled himself admirably. He dictated all the incantations and other native lore of navigation which he, as ranking 'captain' (palū), knew better than anyone else. Much of this was private property, which he would only teach to another native in return for valuable presents. Toward the end, when our supplies were running short, he twice climbed coconut trees at night --a task usually left to younger men--and snared terns for our breakfast. So far as we knew, these were the only terns snared during our stay, as the birds were not abundant enough at the time to justify this arduous and risky job. To a considerable extent the following pages reflect the culture as seen through Tom's eyes."

17: Meincke--358 (Prior to 1875) 1876 Woleaians
116, 101, 115 Woleai

Ulie, (Ulea, Uleai, according to Gulick properly Wolea) was discovered by Wilson in 1797 who named it Thirteen Islands is one of the most important and best known of all the Carolines.

"When asked why the chiefs elicit this obedience, and no one else, the answer is immediate--because their lineages are 'more high.' This superiority of descent is accepted implicitly. It is not the person is personally superior, has greater ability or knowledge, but that he is descended from the 'royal family.' The obedience, then, is to the status, not the individual. When I asked, for example, how they felt about obeying a young chief, whom they had ordered around when he was a boy, and who now is their superior, though they probably have greater skills and knowledge than he, they expressed surprise. Why not? Isn't he a member of the lineage of chiefs?

No person could remember one instance of disobedience of a chief. 'Men afraid that chief. (If) one man no like talk for chief, very bad man. All people no like. Why he no like talk for chief?'

I might illustrate this point by one incident in which we were involved. One morning Tom, our interpreter, came to us saying that he would not work with us for a few days since the canoe, that he was building with the assistance of some other man, was not being completed rapidly enough because the other men were not indiligent [sic] in their work, and that he would have to devote more time to the work. Later in the day, he came to me, saying that the chiefs had heard of his not working with [20] us and were angry with him. I told him that I wanted him to complete his work as soon as possible and that

both Dr. Burrows and I would rather he worked on his canoe for a few days. But he looked at me very contritely, and in a very pathetic voice, he answered that the chiefs are 'too angry at me', and therefore he was afraid to work on his canoe because he was afraid of the chiefs. Now this is from a man who had lived in Manilla for four years, who was descended from a chiefly lineage himself, and was next in line for a chieftanship, and who often decried the chiefs to me, impugning their abilities, and calling them 'fool fellows' because they had not had the experiences that he had had."

28: Spiro--129 (1947-48) 1949 Woleaians
116, 831, 593, 115 Ifalik

"This puritanism goes great lengths. A man would never dream of kissing his wife goodbye, not because kissing does not constitute a form of displaying of affection, but because of the absolute shame of being seen engaging in a sexual activity. No man would even hold the hand of his wife in public for the same reason. Our adolescent pattern of hand-holding would shock any Ifalukian. Any overt form of sexual activity or display of fondness between the sexes is inhibited. The candid reference to the sexual anatomy and physiology in the love songs stands in glaring contrast to their public attitude of shame. This means that one never sees overt affection displayed between spouses. One might interpret this as lack of affection, but this would be an untenable interpretation. In the intimacy of their homes, affection is shown, and patently felt. A wife will serve her husband, with no expressed feeling of gratitude on his part in public. But in private this pattern is different. One afternoon, for example, Tom and I were administering a battery of tests, and his wife came up bringing us coconuts to drink. Tom was very pleased at this gesture, his face beamed with pleasure, and he exclaimed: 'My wife, my wife! Very good that my wife.' On another occasion, I was giving his wife one of the tests, and she did not respond very well. Tom became quite angry at her, so that her feelings were hurt. He was immediately sorry for his treatment of her, smiled at her, and all was forgiven."

29: Spiro--191-192 (1947-48) 1950 Woleaians
116, 159, 762, 115 Ifalik-1 - 7

"October 15, 1947. This morning Maroligar asked if he could use our [WPM: the author's] canoe. I, of course, gave him permission. When he returned, he explained that Tarev had tried to commit suicide by drowning. He had tied a rope around his neck, weighted stones to his feet, and was about to jump from his canoe into the lagoon when Maroligar and two other men stopped him. (This occurred a few days after the death of his wife.) Apparently he had had a trying night the night before, since he spent the entire night shouting and talking to himself. Among other things he had insisted that he was superior to the other people and that he was really an American. (8)

I asked Maroligar if I could speak to Tarev, and he was eager that I do so. When we arrived at the courtyard of his house, I noticed that all the women in the immediate area had departed because of their fear of him. When I peered into the house, he saw me immediately, and his face brightened. When I asked him to come out, saying that I

"8. The American is a person of high prestige and authority in this South Sea culture. It is difficult to say whether Tarev's insistence that he is an American is an outright delusion or rather a conscious attempt to identify with a 'reference group' of high status (the term is M. Sherif's)."

would like to speak with him, he immediately complied with my request. I offered him a cigarette and asked him if he were happy. He replied that he was very sad because of the death of his wife. I asked him why he had tried to commit suicide, and he explained that all the people were speaking 'bad' (9) to him. Maroligar interrupted him to say that he was lying. My grasp of the language was inadequate to continue the interview without the aid of an interpreter, and I asked Maroligar to call Tom, our interpreter. I tried to talk with Tarev in Maroligar's absence, but he seemed in a kind of stupor, and I could not get through to him. He regained contact with reality when Tom arrived, and the following interview ensued.[192]

Q. Why did you try to kill yourself?

A. Because the people talk bad to me.

"9. At this point, I could obtain no exact reference for the word 'bad.'

"Q. What do they say?

A. My mother talks bad. [Actually his 'mother' is his maternal aunt, which, in this culture, is his classificatory mother. His biological parents are dead.]

Q. What does she say?

A. She says that my wife does not like her or her sister.

Q. Why?

A. [No answer.]

Q. Were you very sad today?

A. My wife died. I feel like smashing everything in the house, because my mother and her sister do not like my wife. My wife died and I am very sad. (10)

Q. But other men's wives die and they do not try to commit suicide. Why should you?

A. I don't like my mother or father or sister.

Q. Don't they feed you?

A. Yes, they give me good food, but they talk too much.

Q. What do they say?

A. The children listen to what my parents say about me, and they repeat it to me.

Q. What do they say about you?

A. My parents say that I am a chief.

"10. The native term for sad is eratu dipei, which literally translated means, my stomach feels bad."

Q. Don't you like that?

A. I don't like what the children say to me.

Q. Don't you like to be called a chief?

A. They say that tree [pointing to it] does not belong to you, it belongs to us. The adults tell them to say that. [At this point, Maroligar interrupted to say that Tarev had accused him and his parents of wishing to fight him. He insisted that everything Tarev was saying was a lie. It was, of course, impossible to explain to him that Tarev was not 'lying' but was a victim of his own delusions.]

Q. Is it true, as people have told me, that an alus has possessed you?

A. Yes, the alus in the moon has entered my head and my stomach. [This convinced Tom and Maroligar even more that he was lying, because there is no alus in the moon.]

Q. How do you know that he has possessed you?

A. He came to my father. He [his father is actually dead] lives in another place. When he possessed my father, he possessed me.

Q. Where is your father?

A. Those pictures you showed me [the Rorschach cards], I like them very much. The place in the North, that's the place I see now.

Q. What place?

A. There's another one in the Northeast. This place in the North is very light.

When I sit in my house, it's very dark; then, that North place, the one I like very much, comes on top of my head.

Q. How does it feel when it comes on top of your head?

A. I like it very much. When I pull up the blanket, I look underneath the sleeping mat, and smoke comes out. I then lower the mat and look underneath another one, and smoke comes out from it, too.

Q. What happens to you when the alus of the moon possesses you?

A. That man inside that padre book [the Bible that a missionary had shown him] and his mother come inside me.

Q. What does it feel like when they come inside you?

A. I don't know.

Q. Did they come inside you this morning, when you tried to commit suicide?

A. No.

Q. Did they come inside you last night?

A. The alus gave me something--something very fine.

Q. What did he give you?

A. Smoke. He put smoke inside my mouth, but it did not enter my stomach.

Q. You like that smoke?

A. I like it very much.

Q. Why?
A. [No answer.]
Q. Does your head hurt you now?
A. I went to Falalap to wail for my wife. I waved my arms, and when I came back, I continued to do so.
Q. Don't you like it here?
A. Yes, I would like to remain. But I would like an American doll. (11)
Q. Why would you like one?
A. Because the Americans know everything. The people here are stupid.
Q. Do you want a carving of a man or a woman or a child?
A. Any kind.
Q. Would you like to go to America?
A. If you go, I want to go with you. I want to go any place you go.

"11. The native men carve small statuettes, which they trade for cigarettes and other trade-goods. By an American doll or statuette, he meant a similar carving of an American."

29: Spiro--191-192 (1947-48) 1950 Woleaians
116, 159, 762, 115 Ifalik-7

By this time Tom and Maroligar were completely impatient with this 'crazy lie talk' and insisted on terminating the interview. I told Tarev that I would be unhappy if he committed suicide, and that if he felt like doing it again, he should first come to see me. He replied that his wife had 'gone into the ocean [where she was buried] and I want to go too.' "

29: Spiro--194-195 (1947-48) 1950 Woleaians
116, 159, 115 Ifalik-I-6

"November 4, 1947. Yesterday I saw Tarev running towards the public meeting hall (atelu). He touched the front pillar, clutched it as if he wanted to take something from it, and then ran back to his home. A short time later, I saw him running past my tent, heading towards Falalap, being pursued by a number of men. The men asked if I would stop him, since their efforts were futile. I was reluctant to do so, since I felt that interference by me would destroy the rapport I had established, but I could ill afford to refuse their request. I caught up to him and persuaded him to return to his home and promised that I would come to see him. Tom and I went to see him today. (12)

"12. Tarev still had the habit of seizing the hands of Dr. Burrows and myself and of smelling them deeply. Dr. Burrows informed me that on this same day, Tarev attempted to smell his hands, but could not do so since he was typing. Instead he smelled his feet."

Q. Why did you go to the public meeting hall yesterday?

A. I was in my house and somebody told me to go there, because the chiefs are there holding a meeting.

Q. Where were you going when I saw you later?

A. I was afraid that a small alus was hiding near my house, so I left.

Q. Did you see the alus?

A. No, but I heard it moving inside the house.

Q. How are you feeling today?

A. My arm is very tired. When I walk, I feel that I am not walking on the ground. I feel as if my feet are walking on air.

Q. Why is that?

A. I don't know. When I attempt to walk, I fall down.

Q. Is anything bothering you today?

A. Wotrilitu [a relative by marriage] stole my wife.

Q. How do you know?

A. He stole her from me a long time ago.

Q. Are you angry with him for that?

A. I took care of his children, but he stole my wife.

Q. Are you feeling better today than the last time we spoke?

A. Ifeelhappier. But I can't stay in my sleeping mat because it is always moving.

Q. So you didn't sleep last night?

A. A little bit. But many people came to see me.

Q. Who were the people?

A. All the people of Ifaluk.

Q. What did they say to you?

A. Many people came; they spoke. It was bad talk. They spoke lies and gossip. Someone said that you and Ted called me. I went to see, but you were not there. Now I know they lied to me.

Q. What else did they say to you?

A. They said that a certain woman is menstruating, and she should not stay here, but should go to one of the menstrual huts in Falalap. Someone else said that we should not take stones from here to make an um [underground cooking pit], but we should take them from over there.

Q. Did they say anything else?

A. There were four pieces of taro on the side of my house. Someone took them and went to a menstrual hut with them.

Q. What did he want with the taro?

A. All the women went to the menstrual hut. Mr. Mel and Mr. Ted ordered the fish to enter the lagoon, and many fish came.

Q. Then what?

A. Many fish entered the lagoon. No, Mr. Ted and Mr. Mel did not order the fish, an alus ordered the fish.

Q. Why did he order the fish?

A. Many fish came, many people ate. [A long pause.] Day and night they spoke. A man came. He said that the fish would come.

Q. Then what happened?

A. Somebody told me yesterday, 'You will not get sick; no typhoon. Go to Mr. Mel and Mr. Ted.'

Q. Why?

A. Now I understand. It was not you who asked me to come, but someone else asked me. I want to take my grandchild.

Q. Why do you want your grandchild?

A. [No answer.] [195]

Q. Are people still speaking bad things to you?

A. People lie to me because they know I am a malebush.

Q. What do they say?

A. They say, 'You are malebush,' 'You are a thief,' 'You are a bad man.'

Q. Is what they say true?

A. They lie. Somebody said my wife went to another man. Some man stole my wife.

Q. Have you gone to that place in the North lately?

A. No.

Q. Is there anything you would like, now?

A. I thought I was happy. And then I heard many voices, and I became unhappy. Yesterday I wanted to go to the ocean and swim away, for I can't stand all that talk.

Q. What talk?

A. That someone stole my wife from me.

Q. Did you dream last night?

A. No.

Q. Has the alus come to you lately?

A. He comes very often, day and night.

Q. What does he do?

A. [He said nothing, but clasped his hands together, as in Christian prayer, and pointed them at me. He then put his hand on my head and rumpled my hair. He then put his finger on my head, then my stomach, and finally on my leg. Apparently he was demonstrating to me what the alus does to him.]

Q. Are you afraid of the alus?

A. No.

Q. Is it a male or female alus?

A. It dances. It bends and sways. I like to see it. I see the alus dance. Then I imitate the alus, I dance too.

By this time, Tom had become disgusted with the entire interview, and insisted that he could not continue because Tarev 'talk lie, only talk lie.'"

29: Spiro--197-199 (1947-48) 1950 Woleaians
116, 159, 681, 115 Ifalik-1

"November 27, 1947. Yesterday was the climax to a series of events involving Tarev. Maroligar came by in the afternoon, saying that he had some work in Falalap, but that when he returned, he was going to tie Tarev. When I asked why he had so decided, he said that Tarev had tried to strike him with a pole, and this was the end of his patience. When he returned in the afternoon, he called for me, and we proceeded to Tarev's house. On our way, a young man came running to inform Maroligar that Tarev had just attempted to set fire to his house, but had been caught just in time. As we approached the courtyard, we saw that it was surrounded by a host of people, most of whom were afraid to approach the house. Inside the house, Tarev was struggling with two men who were trying to drag him out of the house. They finally succeeded in doing so, and when Maroligar approached him with a rope, Tarev surrendered himself to him without a word. He voluntarily extended his hands, and Maroligar tied his hands and feet. After he was tied, the men attempted to take him into the house, but he fell to [198] the ground. He began to shout at Maroligar, calling him a wicked man, saying that he was no chief for him and that he would not obey him. (The previous day, Tarev had insisted that he himself was chief.) Two other men took him inside the house, where they spoke with him kindly and patiently, explaining that they did not at all like what they had done, but that they had no alternative, since the people were afraid of him. Further, they explained to him that the people were good and wished him no harm. They also made sure that the rope was not too tight and that it did not pain him. I, also, explained to him that no one wished

him harm, and that when he returned to his nonaggressive state, they would release him.

A group of men remained outside, and as we were talking we heard signs of disturbance inside the house. Maroligar went inside and found that Tarev had untied himself and accused Maroligar and the people of mistreating him. When Maroligar tried to retie him, Tarev would not permit him to do so, but said he would permit Letar (one of the other men) to do so. Letar tied him in my presence, but Maroligar had to leave the house, because the mere sight of him made Tarev violent. (Bothe Maroligar and Tom are Tarev's uncles.)

I returned to Tarev's house in the evening, and was told that he had been peaceful, though he had been talking to himself again. Later at night, however, Maroligar came to ask me if it would be all right if they tied Tarev's hands behind his back so that he could not untie the rope again. Otherwise the women would be afraid to sleep. I returned with Maroligar to Tarev's house. He seemed to be sleeping, and his mother was sitting by his side. It was obvious that he could break loose if he desired to do so, and I told Maroligar that if they wished to tie him, I would have no objections. Maroligar called two other men to help him. By this time, Tarev had awakened, but he became violent at the very sight of Maroligar and though he permitted him to untie his hands, he would not permit him to retie him. He offered his hands to one of the other men, but when the latter attempted to tie his hands behind his back, Tarev resisted. He appealed to me,

but I tried to explain to him that this man (Mageleisei) was only doing what was best for everybody and harbored no ill will against him; and I asked him to cooperate. At this, he became meek as a child, lost all his aggressiveness, and permitted himself to be tied. When we left him, he was smiling and wished us a goodnight.

Today I had an interview with Tarev, but it was quite brief, since Tom clearly did not find these interviews of any use and was entirely uncooperative.

Q. Why did you try to fight yesterday?

A. It was nothing. I just did not like the talk of Maroligar and my mother. She said to me, 'Everything is fine now. You no longer have a wife, so you can do anything you want.'

Q. Why did you hit Maroligar?

A. I don't like what my mother says. I want to put a rope around my neck.

Q. Why did you fight Maroligar?

A. I don't want to fight. I took the stick so Maroligar and my mother would be afraid of me.

Q. Why do you want them to be afraid of you?

A. I don't do anything. But Maroligar and my family talk bad to me--day and night.

Q. What do they say?

A. They talk bad. I became angry and tried to hit Maroligar and my mother.

Q. But what do they say?

A. Many days and nights, now, they've been speaking bad. They talk too much.

Q. What do they say?

A. Maroligar comes and asks, 'What is Tarev doing?' The family says, 'He is doing so-and-so.' I don't like it.

Q. Why don't you like it?

A. Maroligar told my mother, 'Talk bad to Tarev.' My mother told me, 'Maroligar said that I should talk bad to you.'

Q. Do you still think that you are chief?

A. I never said that.

Q. Why don't you like Maroligar?

A. Maroligar says, 'You can't take those coconuts. If you want coconuts you've got to go to Falalap.'

Q. Why did you try to burn your house?

A. I don't like their talk. I burned the house so there would no longer be a house.

Q. How do you feel about having your hands tied?

A. I don't know. It's like being a dog or a pig. [199]

Q. Is that alus you told me about still inside you?

A. No. Maroligar and Arogeligar [the priest] gave me an alus.

Q. Why did they do that?
A. They gave me one alus.
Q. You don't like that alus?
A. No. I like my own alus. My alus likes to dance. I like that.
Q. What does the other alus do?
A. If it's a good alus, I like it. If it's bad, I don't like it.
Q. What does the other alus do?
A. He always wants to talk. Much of my talk is not my talk, it is the alus talking in me. (15)
Q. Yesterday you said that Maroligar and some other men tried to beat you. When did this happen?
A. They beat me, and I died.

"15. This he picked up from Maroligar. Whenever Tarev becomes violent and accuses people of aggressive and malicious designs on him, Maroligar tells him that it is not he but the alus in him that is talking."

Q. When?
A. I don't know. They want to kill me.
Q. Why do they want to do that?
A. I don't like that talk. I want to die. I don't like that talk.

When I rose to leave, Tarev asked if I would remove his rope. I explained that I could not do so, since the decision had to be made by his family."

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
OR21 Woleai OR21
Ifaluk

Joshua I. Tracey, geologist, of the U. S. Geological Survey, on Ifaluk from September 12 to 26.

We came curiously and quickly to have a feeling of "belonging" on Ifaluk, and we found ourselves much involved with the people of the island in everything that we did. Inevitably, however, we were more closely associated with some than with others, and it may be helpful to identify here the people with whom we were most concerned, whose names appear most frequently in our narrative:

Fagolier, the paramount chief of Ifaluk.

Maroligar, the number two chief, guardian of the Fan Nap, where we lived.

Toroman, the number three chief and the official divider of food.

Lavausrung, the number four chief; a lady.

Wolpaitik, the number five chief (and the heaviest man on the island).

Totogoeiti (Tom), Ted's interpreter, and top ranking navigator (palu) of the island.

Yaniseman (Yani), "schoolteacher" and constant companion and advisor.

Bakalimar (Bakal), initially assigned as our special helper in camp and field, working later with Harry's fishing gang.

Tachiwelimeng (Tachim), neighbor, friend, and later one of Harry's fishing crew.

Letaweriur, Yani's wife and a composer of dance chants.

Gavileisei, master craftsman and canoe builder.

Gauaisig, an old man, navigator and canoe builder.

Talimeira, houseboy of Burrows and Spiro in 1948, now one of the two local "doctors."

Arueligar, "high priest" or "medicine man."

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41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
OR21 Woleai OR21
Ifaluk

Ted, of course, was in charge of the census operation. Tom acted as interpreter. Fagolier, the paramount chief, and Maroligar, the number two chief, went along, giving the highest possible official sanction to the procedure. The party also included a young man named Bakalimar—shortened to Bakal for ordinary purposes—who had been assigned by the chiefs to work with us, acting as general handyman and, most importantly, as dishwasher. (We did our own cooking; or, perhaps more accurately, our own can-opening.)

We were also accompanied by Tony. Tony was from the atoll of Ulithi, some 375 miles northwest of Ifaluk. He was a young man of perhaps eighteen, and had come to Ifaluk with his younger brother on the trade ship, some months before our arrival, to visit relatives. The Coast Guard had a station on Ulithi, where Tony had worked, and where he had learned fluent English. He was of no use as an interpreter in the census operation, however, because of his lack of familiarity with the Ifaluk household and clan arrangements, and because his youth made the questioning seem almost impertinent. The job required the maturity, dignity and local knowledge possessed by Tom. Tony's name, Antonio, was official, because Ulithi had been converted by a Roman Catholic Mission some years earlier—a process that included the adoption of Christian names.

The houses of Ifaluk were all on the two largest islets of the atoll, Falalap and Falarik, which were separated by a shallow and rather narrow pass. The Fan Nap, near the southern end of Falarik, was roughly in the center of the inhabited area. We started the census with the southernmost houses of Falalap, with the idea of working gradually northward until the count, household by household, was finished.

Three households—twenty-six people—were catalogued that first morning. Tom and Ted would lead the way into a household area, going inside if it was drizzling, or sitting on mats in the open during dry intervals. The available people of the household would gather about—and the available people included all of the men, all of the children except those who got scared at the strange activity and ran away, and all of the women except those under temporary quarantine in a menstrual hut.

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
OR21 Woleai OR21
Ifaluk

the flies, and during the evening, to get away from the mosquitoes. Ted stuck to the Fan Nap for writing up his notes—but carefully protected with long trousers tied around the ankles, and with coils of Japanese "punk" burning to exorcise the mosquitoes. He had great faith in that burning punk.

We decided to start the plant collecting that afternoon, since the drying cabinet was ready. It was quite an expedition—Yani, Tony, Bakal, Don and me. The idea was to try to collect not only the plants, but information about them. Tony, as a Ulithi man, didn't know the local plant lore, but he was a good interpreter. Yani's English was rapidly gaining in fluency, however, and he and Don, particularly, were able to understand one another almost from the beginning without outside help. Yani did know the local plants—their names and their uses—and Don would jot down this information while I fussed with the plant press itself. Bakal, as usual, was general handy man.

The clean-up was continued next morning and pretty well finished by noon, when everyone on Falarik gathered on the lawn outside the Fan Nap for a communal meal. "Feast" is probably too strong a word for the meals that invariably followed any community activity. The food was lavish enough, contributed by all of the participating households, but it did not differ markedly from the everyday diet.

In this instance, Ted decided that the occasion was important enough for him to contribute one of the cases of corned beef that he had brought along for just such purposes. The canned beef was a greatly appreciated delicacy, called "carawao," which would seem to stem from the Spanish word for water-buffalo, carabao. Several Ifalukian words reflected Spain's dominance in the Carolines in the 19th century—the word "cat" for instance, which hardly differed from the Spanish gato.

The opened case of beef was put before Maroligar, the number two chief, but the distribution of the cans was carried out by Toroman, the number three chief, who always seemed to take over when there was anything to be divided among the island households. He called out the names of the households, tossing the cans to representatives of each; some cans were set aside for Falalap (which was having its own clean-up), and there was a small, separate pile for the chiefs.